THE NEW CITY GOVERNMENT

MEN WHO WILL TAKE OFFICE ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

All Have Interesting Personalities—Judge Gaynor's Favorite Recreations Farming and Walking—Charles S. Whitman's Policy as District Attorney—Four New Borough Presidents—Rise of John Purroy Mitchel—Another Comptroller From Brooklyn.

In a few days this busy town will have to begin making the acquaintance of a new set of officeholders. All of the new men who will take the oath of office on New Year's Day have interesting personalities, all have promised much in the way of reform and all are confronted by political conditions which are likely to bring about interesting situations.

Judge Gaynor's administration of his office will of course be watched closely. The public will take a keen interest in watching Charles S. Whitman at work in the Criminal Courts Building and comparing his methods with those of Mr. Jerome. Then there is George McAneny, the City Club reformer, who was elected Borough President of Manhattan; everybody will keep close tabs on his attempt to carry his ideas into effect in the administration of his office. The eyes of the public will be just as keen too to note the progress that young John Purroy Mitchel makes in controlling the Board of Aldermen.

In fact it is many years since New Year's Day has promised changes so interesting as those which will come next Saturday. To a large army in this city the approaching shift brings anything but joy; to hundreds of officeholders this has been a cheerless Christmas, with absolutely no happy new year in prospect.

WILLIAM J. GAYNOR, MAYOR.

Something like sixty jobs paying from $7,100 to $2,000 a year slipped away from Tammany in the defeat of its candidate for District Attorney. Fourteen more passed over to the Republican camp through the election of a Sheriff of that party, while the Fourteenth street organization lost control of 142 good jobs in the Comptroller's office, six in the County Clerk's office, fifteen in the Borough President's office and seven in the Register's office. These are only the more important of the Christmas presents Tammany is not able to give.

There was plenty of talk in the campaign of the new officials' beliefs and political aspirations. The personal side of their lives will interest the public just as much as the official and poitical in the next few weeks of handshaking and general introductions. Besides, if you know a man's hobby, his likes and dislikes, you can get along with him much more agreeably, and even if you don't come into personal contact with him you at least understand his conduct better.

Take a man who is looking for a New Year's gift. What kind of hit would he make with the new Mayor if he should walk into his office and say:

"Mr. Mayor, farming goes against me. I never could see any pleasure in stacking new mown hay. I dislike thoroughbred pigs and dogs, and as to ancient literature Epictetus and Themistocles bore me."

There is nothing that Judge Gaynor likes better than active life down on his farm at St. James, and if as Mayor he follows the habit he formed as Judge he will spend his vacations pitching hay, feeding chickens, raising pigs and doing a good deal of hard manual labor that falls to the lot of the ordinary farmer.

Some politicians wouldn't be surprised if Tammany Hall started a school of farming down on Third avenue or the Bowery before the Gaynor administration is over. That the Wigwam leaders already have noted Judge Gaynor's preferences was seen in the letter that Charles F. Murphy wrote to him and William R. Hearst gave to the public. In that letter Mr. Murphy said he had been training himself and he thought he could stay with the Judge on one of his long cross-country walks.

This farm work and walking are Mr. Gaynor's favorite recreations. Since his election he has spent as much time as possible at St. James, and the wiry figure of the Mayor-elect, bundled in an old tweed coat with burrs and weeds hanging to the tails, cutting across country, climbing a fance now and then, and jumping a ditch when necessary, has come to be a familiar sight in the St. James community. The Mayor-elect tramps as far as fifteen miles at a stretch and sometimes he takes two doses in a day.

Judge Gaynor's dogs—he has four of them—are his inseparable companions on these walks. One of the dogs is a Boston bull which the Mayor-elect calls Yama; another a wire haired Irish terrier which bears the undignified name of Dub. The third is Pikey, a white bull terrier, and Ben, a red coated setter, completes the list.

The Judge on his walks stops occasionally to whistle the dogs in or to watch their pranks. Usually a hand laid on the head of one will bring all four dancing around him eager for a little attention. It is easy enough to see that all of Judge Gaynor's pets, and he has several beside the dogs, love him.

The Gaynor farm consists of sixty acres. On it are a spacious white country house surrounded by cedars and maples, a big red barn, wagon houses, corncrib and stables—in all eleven buildings. The barn is filled with hay and forage raised on the farm and this year the Gaynor corncrib is bulging with home products. Some of the Judge's friends who went to visit him after the election found him out in the cornfield husking.

The Gaynor barnyard contains a great variety of livestock and one of the Mayor-elect's most persistent hobbies is to study the members of this mixed barnyard family. There is a flock of domesticated mallard ducks, a lot of fine turkeys, a flock of fat geese and chickens of a dozen varieties.

The Mayor-elect takes as much pride in his pigs as he does in anything else on the farm. A magazine article on the "boss tamer" published a few years ago showed him in the act of stroking the head of his thoroughbred sow Nancy. The Judge has forty or more of these thoroughbred Berkshire pigs. The old sow is almost as responsive to the Judge's call as are his dogs.

The Judge also takes pride in his Jersey and Ayrshire cows and in his horses. One of the latter, Lemons, is a prize winner. The Judge has explained his desire for farm recreation from the fact that he was born on a farm and lived there until he was 14.

"In those days," he has said, "a boy did a man's work. I mowed, split rails, husked corn and did all the work necessary on a farm. I raise the same crops here as I raised when I was a boy—corn, potatoes, wheat, turnips and hay. I find that work here on the farm is the best recreation I can get."

Judge Gaynor has a speaking acquaintance with nearly everybody in St. James. Shortly after election a reporter accompanied him on one of his afternoon walks. The Judge ran across one of the village characters.

"Hello, Frank," said the Judge, "when did you get out?"

"Oh, they let me out, Judge, because I could make a living all right," said Frank.

"Well, I've been here for thirty-five years," said the Mayor-elect, "and I never knew you to do a day's work yet, Frank. You never made a cent."

"Yes, but you've give me lots of 'em, Judge."

"It'll be getting cold pretty soon and you'll have to go back to the poorhouse at Yaphank," said Mr. Gaynor.

"Your Honor, can't I be your doorkeeper at the City Hall?" begged Frank. He added that he simply couldn't stay in Yaphank any longer after he had heard that the Judge was a candidate.

"Frank, what did Themistocles say to the Athenians?" asked the Judge. Frank straightened up and said with a considerable show at oratory:

"Fellow citizens, I cannot play on any stringed instrument, but I can teach you how out of a small village to make a great and glorious city."

Frank's reply tickled the Mayor-elect immensely, but it was not disclosed how Frank came by his knowledge, whether all of St. James studies Themistocles or whether he had been listening to some of the Judge's speeches.

Judge Gaynor is a great reader. Many years ago he made it a rule of his life never to read law in his home at night, and he has adhered to it. Instead he reads history, particulary Hallam and Gibbon and other writers who treat of the great world events in a philosophical way.

He gets mental recreation by picking up his old text books on mathematics and working out a problem in conic sections. Judge Gaynor reads Shakespeare, Cervantes, almost anything in fact, except law books, which are tabooed after the lamps are lighted. The Mayor-elect has given this advice to young lawyers, and in a large measure it also has been his practice in life:

"Do not become in appearance and manner a mere parchment lawyer. You can avoid this by developing yourself in general literature as well as the law. Read the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon and your classics and when tired the great book of Cervantes, which will solace and amuse as long as the world lasts; also Gil Blas, and the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini. Read history, especially the philosophy of history like Draper's 'Intellectual Development of Europe,' Lecky's 'European Morals,' and Emil Reich's 'Success Among Nations.'"

Judge Gaynor has seven children, William Rufus, 22 years old, the eldest, and Gertrude, Edith, Norman, Helen, Marion and Ruth. Ruth is the youngest, 5 years old. It is a good lively American family, this Gaynor household. Judge Gaynor is a member of several clubs in Brooklyn, but none of them ever appealed to him as much as his home. Neither the Mayor-elect nor his wife cares very much for society.

Judge Gaynor is a prodigious worker and his friends are predicting busy days for the executive office staff in the City Hall. He had been on the bench only a month before the court clerk was protesting. He is a stickler also for punctuality. His court used to open on the minute.

He believes, too, in brevity, and some of the City Hall visitors who have long tales to unload may spare themselves the embarrassments that used to fall upon garrulous lawyers in Judge Gaynor's court if they will speak to the point and be quick about it.

Judge Whitman's friends do not look for any door smashing tactics from him as District Attorney; in fact, Mr. Whitman has said in his interviews since his election that he doesn't expect to administer the office in that way. Naturally people who have in mind his early morning raids on saloons while he was sitting as a Magistrate have felt that he might be disposed to bring out the axe which District Attorney Jerome has left idle for the last few years. Mr. Whitman explained his saloon raids in this way:

"I'm not a Carrie Nation. I'm not an anti-saloonist on the warpath. I'm not an idealist. I'm not a reformer. I'm simply trying to do what I believe to be my duty as a police magistrate."

Mr. Whitman's friends say that that is the way the public will find him conducting the District Attorney's office, whether it requires the passing on facts in the office or the appearance in the courtroom.

It was often remarked of Whitman when he was on the bench that he wasn't built on the conventional judicial pattern. He assumed no owllike gravity, nor did the dignity of a Judge seem to weigh very heavily on his shoulders. The same may be said of him now that he has been elected District Attorney. He seems now as he did back in his days as a Judge as a good fellow, but also as a man with a mighty level head, a man that couldn't be hoodwinked.

The newly elected District Attorney gives the impression too of a man with a tremendous amount of nervous energy—a high power dynamo working to its full capacity. He is only 41, but before his election had already served as Assistant Corporation Counsel, personal legal adviser to the Mayor, City Magistrate and Judge of the Court of General Sessions.

He devised the plan and framed the law for the establishment of the night court, and in his capacity as District Attorney he may be expected to do everything he can to make the work of that court more effective. Speaking recently of his intentions as regards the enforcement of the excise law and the laws against gambling houses and poolrooms, Judge Whitman said:

"As long as I am District Attorney of the county of New York I shall see that evidence in such cases is obtained, as in all other cases where laws are broken, sanely and in a practical way. It is well to remember, however, that the District Attorney is not the head of the Police Department. It is the District Attorney's duty to prosecute crime in the courts. The duty of protecting life and property, of maintaining peace and order in the community rests upon the Mayor and the Police Commissioner."

As a Judge and Magistrate Mr. Whitman was noted for his patience and courtesy. Judge Whitman has been married only a little more than a year. He is a member of the Union League, the University, Republican and City clubs.

He is a great chess player and very few evenings pass that he does not enjoy a contest. He is fond of both tennis and golf, but plays both games indifferently.

The politicians were surprised a few years ago when Mayor McClellan appointed a long legged, skinny young man named Mitchel as Commissioner of Accounts.

"Why, he's only a boy and furthermore he's a lawyer, not an accountant," said the politicians.

John Purroy Mitchel, 28 years old, started in to run the office up to the limit of his powers and as it ought to be run. He not only examined accounts but he inquired about political methods and practices. Mayor McClellan was behind him, and Ahearn's head fell into the basket. Two other Borough Presidents were deposed as the result of his efforts and a fourth was investigated. Besides this there were a good many officeholders of less importance that yielded to this young man's efforts in two years.

Mr. Mitchel as President of the Board of Aldermen has said that it would be his chief endeavor to give New York a business administration.

"There isn't any reason in the world," he has said, "why the business of New York city shouldn't be conducted along the same lines as those of successful business houses. The big question is how to stop the leaks—the waste through inefficiency, which means the paying of salaries to men who fail to make good, graft in a thousand forms and the waste which comes from ignorance."

Young Mr. Mitchel—he is now only a little over 30—ridicules the idea that he is in politics.

"I'm not a politician, I'm merely a lawyer," he said the other day, and he added: "Please don't get me confused on that point either."

Mr. Mitchel has pledged himself not to cast his vote "on the log rolling principle of all the pulls had about as much effect on Mitchel as a spring rainstorm has on a duck's back.

An incident in the Haffen inquiry illustrates pretty well the sort of chap the new President of the Board of Aldermen is. He wanted to get married; in fact, the day was all set and the honeymoon arranged. Borough President Haffen was looking forward to Mitchel's marriage with almost as much joy as the youthful Commissioner himself. But on the day before the wedding Mitchel struck a promising lead. Haffen was bothered more than usual that day, but he was cheered with the prospect of a respite.

"We will go on with the inquiry the day after to-morrow," the Commissioner announced, and Mr. Haffen gasped.

Mitchel showed up at the inquiry on the morning after his marriage with a particularly harassing lot of questions.

Mitchel will have an advantage over a good many of the new officials. His investigations not only have taught him what the city needs but have made him familiar with the underground methods by which the city treasury is attacked. Lively days are ahead in the Board of Aldermen.

George McAneny as President of the Borough of Manhattan will be watched as closely as any of the new city officials. As president of the City Club and a reformer he always has demanded a high standard of service from other city officials and the public. Especially Mr. McAneny's brother reformers will look to him for a bright example.

The new Borough President is also chairman of the Carl Schurz memorial committee, treasurer of the Lake George Association and a trustee of the Friendly Aid Society devoted to settlement work. He is a member of many civic and social bodies, including the Century, City, St. Andrews and Lake George clubs.

Like President Mitchel of the Board of Aldermen, but perhaps in a less degree, Mr. McAneny will come into office with a valuable fund of knowledge in regard to the waste and graft that have been going on for years in the Borough President's office. This information Mr. McAneny gained in his investigation of Borough President Ahearn's administration as an officer of the City Club and a member of the Bureau of Municipal Research.

Mr. McAneny is only 40 years old. He married a daughter of the Jacobi family of physicians and has four children, who are said to be following so closely in their father's footsteps that when they want to make a raid on the pantry they organize a ginger cookie investigating committee.

William A. Prendergast, the Brooklyn man who will have charge of the city's pursestrings after next Saturday, is a man who has had good training in the school of experience for the difficult job that he will undertake. He is 42 years old. He has lived in Brooklyn for almost thirty years.

He started to work in a Broadway wholesale house when he was 14 years old, and early turned his attention to credits. For many years he was a credit man, in which line he gained his general knowledge of business. He has written a good deal and delivered many addresses on credit and is recognized as an authority. In 1899 he was elected secretary of the National Association of Credit Men and held that office for five years.

He is at present Register of Kings county, to which office he was elected two years ago. That was his first public office, although for many years he has been a warm supporter of Timothy L. Woodruff. Mr. Woodruff has frequently found him useful because of his oratorical ability. The new Comptroller has an interesting presence, a strong pleasing voice and a remarkable retentive memory for facts and figures. Two years ago Chairman Woodruff called upon Prendergast to make a speech seconding Hughes's nomination at the Saratoga convention and in the last Gubernatorial campaign Prendergast did effective work on the stump.

Recently the Comptroller-elect has not been in the best of health. He was obliged only a few days ago to give up an address that he was scheduled to make in Chicago and to leave that city for home.

Mr. Prendergast, like nearly all of the other new officials, is a married man. He ran for Congress twice in Brooklyn, but was defeated. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the United States Catholic Historical Society, the Holy Name Society, the Knights of Columbus, the Ancient Order of Heptasophs and the Hamilton Montauk, Union League, Cathedral, Logan Invincible and Twelfth Assembly District Republican clubs of Brooklyn.

He is secretary and general manager of the Lands Company of Depew, president of the Island Cities Real Estate Company, a director of the Home Trust Company of Brooklyn, of the Brooklyn Bank and of the Northern Bank of New York.

After Mr. Prendergast's election the Credit Men's Association gave a dinner to his honor and presented to him the official insignia of the office of Comptroller. The insignia was a gold medallion bearing the city's shield surmounted by a diamond. At that dinner the Comptroller-elect said that the leaders need the officials now more than the officials need the leaders.

"That is my code of politics," said he, "and it is going to be my code for the next four years. If there is anybody who doesn't like it he can move. I'm going to stay and attend to business."

Alfred E. Steers, the Borough President-elect of Brooklyn, is another man who promises a thorough business administration. He has announced that he intends to run his office just as he would conduct a private business, rewarding his men on the basis of merit alone. He says too that he will be in his office at 9 o'clock every morning and that he will be found on the job until 5 or 6 o'clock in the afternoon. In other words, he intends to earn his salary himself and to see that the men who are under him give the city a dollar's worth of service for each dollar that they get.

Steers has lived in Flatbush practically all his life. He is close to 50 years old.

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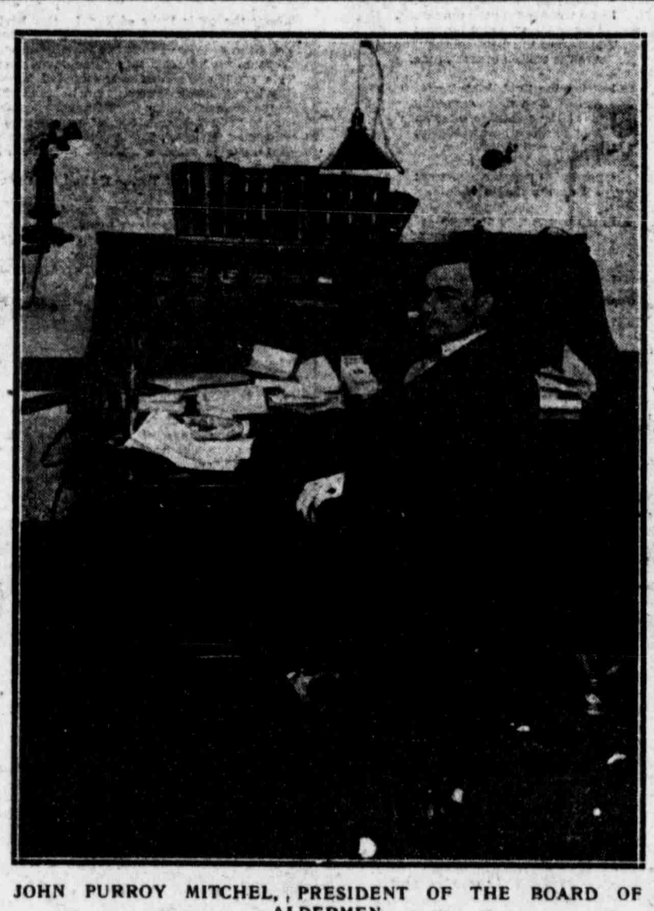
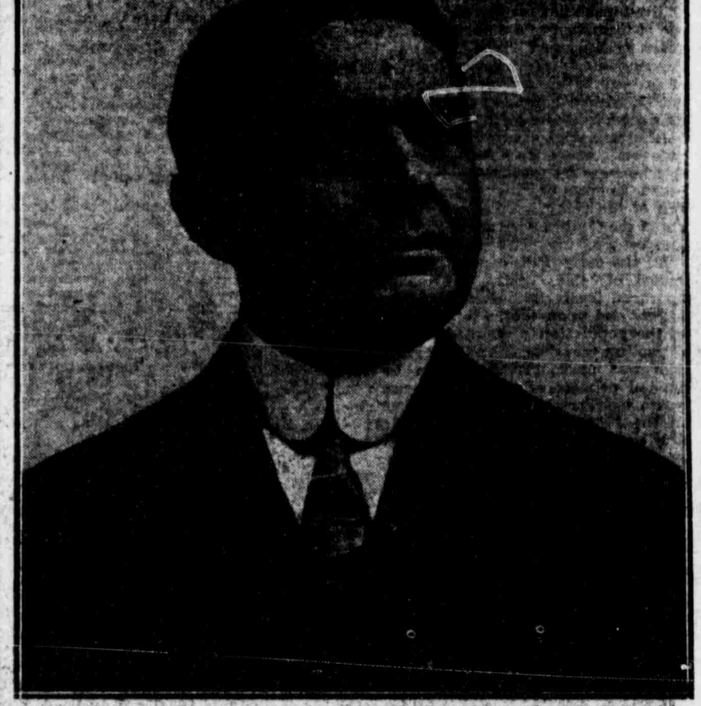
CHARLES S. WHITMAN, DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF NEW YORK COUNTY.



JOHN PURROY MITCHEL, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN.



WILLIAM A. PRENDERGAST, COMPTROLLER.

WITH THE FIRE FIGHTERS

A ROLL WITH THE CHIEF IS A HAIR RAISING PRIVILEGE.

An Unofficial Report of a Trip Made by Engine 36—To Run Over a Child Is the Unpardonable Sin—Firemen's Pay—No Love Wasted on the Police.

To himself the fireman is no hero. It is left to the public to take that view of him. He does not think about himself. He is not romantic. It is his business to get to fires and to choke them out, which he does in a most matter of fact way.

Chief Croker himself is an interesting exception to the rule, says the *Metropolitan Magazine*, for he is bursting with violent and reckless bravery, tenacious as any brute, yet is a first rate disciplinarian, and at a bad fire knows exactly when to recall his men.

To see him dash at the wildest speed in his high powered automobile through the New York streets is almost appalling. Ten years ago, when the Chief forsook his wagon for the little steam runabout of the day, he used to start out cautiously from the house in Great Jones street and steal off in the wake of the engine.

If he beat the company to the station on the Bowery, as he sometimes did, it was a triumph.

But now! "Don't you ever roll with Croker," said an acquaintance of his (firemen always "roll" to a blaze—every time the apparatus goes out of the house to a station it is called a "roll"). "We started down town from headquarters and struck into Broadway at fifty or sixty miles an hour. I sat in the tonneau with Croker, and Capt. Rush in front ringing the bell. The wagons and people got out of our way as if we were the Empire State Express, but fearful of an accident as I was some were not half quick enough. The cars stood stock still.

"By the time we reached Union Square I was fairly in a daze. I was gripping the side of the tonneau as hard as I could; right ahead was the curve from Fourteenth into Broadway—Dead Man's Curve—and it seemed to me we shot right at it and the crowd of people and cars without slacking speed a particle. Just then Croker punched me with his elbow:

"'What's the matter Joe?' he asked.

"'My God, Chief,' I said, 'look how we are going—suppose we should hit anything!'

"Croker just laughed. 'If we do,' he said, 'you'll go just as far as I do.'

"And it was true. There was no use holding on, so I let go."

Reckless driving is a stock charge of trial day at Fire Headquarters. If an apparatus is in the slightest way injured in going through the streets the driver must appear before the Commissioner and explain. Reckless driving! A dry, official term, meaning that some one had bad luck; usually in one way or another the fireman gets away with it. As in the following story, the run of Engine 36, which is no part of official history.

Thirty-six Engine is housed in Park avenue, under the railroad tracks near the Harlem River. Called out on a second alarm to go to a fire over the bridge, the driver, Tom Scanlon, dropped the reins on the gray, the roan, and the black, who laid back their ears and cleared the gutter plank with one plunge.

Behind on the step rode Bill Corley, the engineer, and the captain. Corley held the whistle cord in his free hand and was supposed to pull it at intervals, but the three started off at such a tremendous pace over the rough cobbles that the cord pulled itself with the throwing about of the engine, emitting a wild series of screeches.

Scanlon let them run till he neared the bridge—as fire horses run. In front of him was a close line of trucks on the right hand side of the bridge and another line on the left. He made for the car tracks in the middle, which were clear.

Once over the crest of the roadway and on the down grade the big horses took wider strides and stretched themselves in the enjoyment of a full gallop. Scanlon was still content to let them go, but he tightened the reins and braced himself for the turn at the foot of the hill. The street was broad there, and by all the rules they would leave a space for him to swing his engine east.

It was a fine run, but suddenly things began to happen. A red trolley car loomed up directly in front.

While that whistle was blowing the motorman had no business to move his car, but there it was right between the lines of trucks, with only a bit of an opening at one side. Through this narrow gap the horses passed clear, so did the front wheels, but the rear axle struck something and Scanlon was sent flying down between the horses. As he fell he managed to grip the pole and save himself from instant death—there he clung, on the offside of the roan, half sliding, among the ponderous hoofs.

Corley and the captain had been tossed among the hot cinders of the firepan. The engineer was the first to pick himself up, bruised and burnt, and to take a look out ahead. He saw that the driver's seat was empty, and he started for it by the only path possible—over the hot works of the engine.

How he got there, first swinging up with a hold on the big, back suction pipe which all engines carry, clinging to the blistering pipes to save himself from being hurled to the street in the crazy plunging of the machine—the horses were now running frantically—the deep burns on his hands and arms well showed afterward.

They found the standpipe bar bent crooked by the weight of Corley's swing as he flung himself up into the seat. By good fortune the reins still hung on the footboard, and after two minutes sliding of the great fore feet planted wide on the cobbles he brought the three to a stand.

Then Corley and the captain dragged out Scanlon, only half conscious, terribly bruised, with his clothes in tatters. When the driver at last came to the captain spoke.

"Why in hell didn't you strap yourself on?" he demanded.

"The damn old strap broke," said Scanlon.

"Oh!" said the captain.

A pause. Then Corley: "That ain't any reason why we shouldn't get to that fire, is it?"

And the gray, the roan, and the black, whose sides were still heaving, again picked up the engine and started off. A good round trot, however, was fast enough for all concerned.

The New York fireman's day has unlimited possibilities. If to-day's work is tame, to-morrow's may be as adventurous as a Bowery melodrama. According to the code of the drivers the one unpardonable sin is to run over a child.

Excepting the one day in five and four nights in a month when he is off duty the fireman's life is absolutely in the department. Here and there you find a fireman who began young to run with the department, a genuine fire crank—of whom there are probably more outside than inside the department—who had it in his blood to fight fires and take chances on shaky ladders and ghastly roof copings, but with the majority it is of course merely a living; and an exceptionally good living as wages go.

The first year fireman, fourth grade as he is called, gets $800 a year; after a year in the department he becomes a third grade fireman and receives $1,000; in another year he becomes a second grade man with a salary of $1,200, and three years after this he reaches the first grade and draws the maximum of $1,400. As to the chances of promotion, if he passes the necessary civil service examinations he may be named engineer at $1,600, assistant foreman at $1,800, foreman or captain at $2,100, battalion chief at $3,300, deputy chief at $4,200, and finally chief of department at $7,000.

All this is better from the start and holds out incomparably greater advantages than the life of a truck driver or a clerk, and at the end of twenty years service a man may retire with not less than half his pay assured him for the rest of his days. There is no rush, however, to take advantage of this privilege, for firemen are in no haste to forsake their profession even when they have earned a rest from its peculiar labors.

That they are attached to it and are proud of it is true, and that they are really unable, after twenty years in the department, to get another job as good is equally true. So they stick to the uniform as long as their strength holds out—and their nerve. But they cannot help making some comparisons with their rivals the police, whom they regard as favorites of fortune on Easy street.